

Early in the second half a tremendous kick sent the ball spinning to the edge of the field, where it lodged high up in a tree.

The task of recovering it seemed hopeless, and when some 15 minutes had passed spectators and players alike waxed impatient.

Then it was that the captain of the Rovers approached the skipper of the Wanderers.

"Look here," he said, "don't let's bother about the ball. Let's get on with the match!"

WHAT HE WANTED.

A stranger dropped into a greengrocer's and inquired of the shopkeeper if he had any nuts.

"What kind do you want?" asked the man.

"I don't know. Just name them over to me, will you?"

"Well, we have Brazil nuts, walnuts, almonds," and he rattled off a number of other varieties, but the stranger shook his head.

"Filberts?" suggested the man.

"No, not filberts."

"Chestnuts?"

The stranger smiled. "That's it, thank you."

"How many do you want?"

"I don't want any. I've been trying to think of the name of that street for an hour. I want to get to Chestnut Street. Can you direct me?"

SMILE RAISERS.

They were choosing a name for the new baby.

"I think Esmeralda is too sweet," said one of the infant's aunts.

"Alfreda is better, and more uncommon," said another.

"How would Alvina do?" asked a third.

"Hardly," said the fond father. "You seem to be getting away from the idea that this is a baby, and not a new kind of cigar."

He went into a shop to buy a comb. He was a man careful of other people's grammar, and believed himself to be careful of his own.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the assistant.

"No," answered the careful grammarian, "I want a comb for a stout man with tortoiseshell teeth."

A young woman going with a party of visitors through the parks and gardens of a famous castle lingered behind to admire the gorgeous peacocks.

"Do these birds ever drop any of their tail feathers?" she asked of a gardener who stood by.

He looked round, lowered his voice, and replied:—"They're obstinate birds, miss, but they drops 'em heavy at the sight of a shillin'!"

Harry came running home with a book under his arm. "Why, what's that, Harry?" his mother asked.

"It's a prize, mother."

"A prize? What for?"

"For natural history, mother. Teacher asked me how many legs an ostrich had, and I said three."

"But an ostrich has two legs."

"I know that now, mother; but the rest of the class said four, so I was the nearest."

First Mess Cook: "What pudden shall we put on to-day, Bill?"

Second Ditto: "Oh, tapioca."

First Ditto: "Right-o!" (Making entry.) "T-a-b-b-i— Oh, blow it, that won't do! Suggest something else."

Second Ditto: "What about semolina?"

First Ditto: "Ah, 'ere goes! Z-e-m-m-e-r— No go; can't be done, Bill."

Second Ditto: "Well, make it rice."

First Ditto: "Ah, that's better! R-i-s-e."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

What American Cows Discovered.

The *Scientific American* recalls that in severe winter weather range cattle in the Bad Lands of western North Dakota are seen now and then congregated about a great fissure in a red, naked hillside. Investigation shows that a warm current of air rising through the fissure from a burning coal bed underneath has attracted them. It is not difficult for the herds to find such natural warming places in the Bad Lands. The 1400 square miles comprising the "Terres Mauvaises," as the early French travellers named the region, are underlain with lignite coal beds varying from an inch to 40ft in thickness. There are few of these beds that have not been burnt, at least where they outcrop at the surface. Some are entirely consumed; many, it is believed, have been burning for hundreds of years; others have been set afire accidentally by ranchers and campers in recent years. Prairie fires undoubtedly have ignited some of the beds. Whatever the cause, the fires are there, creeping farther and farther back through the region and annually consuming thousands of tons of coal. As they burn, the clay beds above the lignite coal settle and great cracks open. Air enters through these cracks, giving impetus to the fires. Meantime, the intense heat melts the clay, changing it into a jagged mass of red and pink clinkers. These beds of clinkers so frequently and so brilliantly cap the buttes and crags of the Bad Lands as to give the entire region the appearance of "having been deluged with blood," as one traveller has expressed it. Sometimes the clay bakes in place of melting, and then beds of natural brick are formed. The Northern Pacific used great quantities of this natural brick in building through western North Dakota. The presence of these beds of burnt clay and clinkers has led many to believe that the Bad Lands are of volcanic origin, but the geologists say that running water, not volcanic force, is responsible for the vast tumbled waste of bare flat-topped buttes, the deep valleys and coulees with sides so steep that even wild beasts find them impassable, the countless smaller cone-shaped hills piled one atop the other or clustered like beehives in an apiary, and the fantastic groups of pinnacled and tabled rocks. The hills, whatever their shape, are nearly all downward-streaked with deep crooked furrows and lined horizontally in precision with layer upon layer of grey shale, black coal, red clay, and yellow and white sandstone. In past ages the turbulent Little Missouri River and its many branches, big and little, ably assisted by frost, heat, rain, and snow, have wrought this stupendous havoc. So rapidly does erosion go on that vegetation is baffled in its attempt to take root on the slopes, and the hills stand bare of even a trace of green the year round.

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